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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *Auguſt* the 15th, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

SIR,

I AM a young country bride of eighteen (if I may call myſelf a bride after having been married a month and two days) and if my huſband, who every body ſays is the handſomeſt and beſt made man in the county, does not flatter me, I am as agreeable as youth, health, good features, a clear ſkin, and an eaſy ſhape can make me. We both married for love; and I may venture to ſay that no couple in the world have been happier than we. But alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, within this laſt week the dear man has appeared to be unuſually thoughtful and low-ſpirited; and the day before yeſterday he came booted to me

me at breakfaſt, and told me that a ſudden and unexpected affair had made it neceſſary for him to ſet out that morning for his eſtate in Berkſhire.

As I thought it my duty not to pry into more than he had a mind to tell me, I only wiſhed him a ſafe journey and a ſpeedy return, and ſaw him take horſe.

I AMUSED myſelf as well as I could the firſt day of his abſence by looking into family affairs. The ſecond day I was viſited by a widow lady in the neighbourhood, who from a vaſt flow of ſpirits, and a particular freedom of ſpeech, is thought by our ſober country people to be a very odd kind of a lady. "My dear creature!" ſaid ſhe, running up to me and ſaluting me, "I heard you "were alone, and thought it would be charity to viſit "the forſaken and afflicted." "Indeed, madam," anſwered I with a ſigh, "I am fooliſhly out of ſpirits." "Nay, ſays ſhe, my dear, I am far from blaming you; "the abſence of a huſband a month after marriage is as "bad as his death would be ſome years hence." "How, "madam," interrupted I, "do you think—?" "Nay, "nay, no grave faces," ſhe replied, "I only ſpeak for "myſelf. I had not been married to major Machoney "three weeks before he was ordered away with his re"giment to Flanders; and I aſſure you that the news "of his death four months after did not ſhock me half "ſo much as our firſt parting." "You are not in ear"neſt!" cried I with aſtoniſhment. "Why not?" "ſaid ſhe. But I ſhould have told you, my dear, that "he had loſt a leg and an arm the week before; ſo that "I was quite prepared: and indeed it was always a "ſentiment of mine, that a brave man had better be "dead than diſabled. But pray," continued ſhe, ſmiling and looking oddly with her eyes, "where is

"your

" your huſband, child?" I told her buſineſs had called him into Berkſhire. " Yes, yes, ſays ſhe, we all know " his buſineſs. Have you never heard of his having an " uncle in that county? Depend upon it, my dear, he is " gone to ſee his uncle."

I WAS greatly ſurpriſed at hearing of my huſband's uncle, having never received the leaſt hint from him that he had any ſuch relation; and of this Mrs. Machoney would give me no other information, than by aſſuring me that to her certain knowledge he was gone to ſee his uncle.

A PARTICULAR friend of my huſband's dropt in upon us at this inſtant, who, upon my enquiring after this uncle, and if he had heard his friend talk of making him a viſit, ſeemed to be of the widow's opinion, though he could not take upon him to aſſert that he had ever ſeen him, or ſo much as knew in what part of Berkſhire he lived.

I BEGAN now to grow uneaſy; for as I had been married in the face of the world, and as none of my own relations were ſtrangers to my huſband, I thought it a little odd that any of his ſhould be ſo to me. But I was ſoon eaſed of this perplexity by being thrown into a greater. As I have conſtantly taken in your papers, it occurred to me all at once, that this uncle whom my huſband was gone to viſit, was no other than a Welch uncle, who according to the fifty-ſixth number of the WORLD, is one who officiates in genteel families in the capacity of a HEARER. And now it went to my very heart, to think that I had ſo tired my huſband by my talkativeneſs, as to compel him to take a journey into Berkſhire in ſearch of a HEARER. It is impoſſible to tell you what pain it gave me; yet ſurely ſome allow-

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ance ſhould be made for the pratling of a bride, who has a thouſand things to ſay to a huſband, which ſhe durſt not to her lover. But whatever excuſes may be made for me, either from my youth, my ſex, my fondneſs, or my love of talking, it gives me the moſt piercing concern to know that I am the ſole cauſe of his taking this journey: and it is to tell him of this concern, and the amendment it has produced, that I trouble you with this letter; which if it ſhould find him in his retreat (for the WORLD I am told is in almoſt every part of England) may haſten him to his home again, where he ſhall find me for my whole life to come the moſt willing of all HEARERS.

I ASSURE you, ſir, I am not myſelf when I think on what I have done. Good Heaven! I cry twenty times an hour, that in the very firſt month of our marriage I ſhould have ſent the dear creature upon a viſit to an UNCLE! I would do any thing, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to prevent the frequency of theſe viſits: and that he may know more of my mind than I can have courage to tell him any other way, I beg your immediate publication of this letter; which as it cannot be an entertainment to your readers, will be a proof of your great good-nature, and the higheſt obligation to,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

and admirer,

S. W.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

YOUR attempt in your fifty-ſeventh paper to reſcue Parſons, Authors and Cuckolds from the contempt which the generality of mankind are too apt to entertain for them, was extremely generous and praiſe-worthy.

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It is in the triple capacity of Parſon, Author and Cuckold that I write this letter. By the will of my parents I am a Parſon; by my own wants I am an Author; and by the wants of my wife I am a Cuckold. So that were all or either of theſe profeſſions in reality contemptible, as I am neither of them by choice, I ought in juſtice to eſcape the obloquy that attends them.

In regard to my parents (who are now at reſt in their graves) I acquit them of any evil intention in making me a Parſon. Of myſelf I can truly ſay, that my wants were ſo urgent, I muſt either have ſtarved or turned Author; and as to my wife, every body who knows her will acknowledge her wants to have been equally urgent, by the pains ſhe has taken to get them ſupplied.

But notwithſtanding all theſe circumſtances in my favour, and what is ſtill more, the honour you have done us by eſpouſing our cauſe, I do not find that I am one jot the better treated. As a Parſon I am preaching every ſunday to an audience faſt aſleep: as an Author, the ſquire of the pariſh, and all thoſe that hunt with him, are removing their handkerchiefs from the pocket that is next me as often as I ſit down at table with them: and as a Cuckold, the very children in the ſtreet are taught to hold up their fingers to their foreheads and butt at me as I paſs by them.

No longer ago than yeſterday, I overheard my daughter Jenny, a girl of ſix years old, enquiring of her mother what made papa be ſuch a Cuckold; for that miſs Maddocks, and miſs Tomlinſon, and all the miſſes at ſchool ſaid, that to be ſure he muſt be a ſad man to be ſuch a Cuckold. And two days ago my little boy, who is but a year older than his ſiſter, ran crying into the kitchen as I was chiding him for not ſaying his catechiſm,

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